

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY DANIEL WHITAKER, NEW-BEDFORD.

Vol. I.

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No. 42.

POETRY.

FROM MR. [unclear]'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENES.

DEATH.

The Centinel of Death is beautifully represented in the Genes as a Weeping Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left hand, and trailing a torch reversed in his right hand.

WHAT is Death? 'Tis to be free!

No more love, or hope, or fear—

To join the great equality;

All alike are numbered there!

The mighty grave

Wraps lost and slave;

Nor pride nor poverty dares come

Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the winging wing,

And the ever-rolling eye,

Thou of all empires art king!

Empires at thy feet lie!

Beneath the low'd

Their spirits lie

Sink, like water, to the shore;

Storms shall never rise them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth

To the grandeur of thy throne!

Riches, glory, beauty, birth,

To thy kingdom all have gone.

Before thee stand

The world's band;

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,

Who darken'd the earth when they died!

Earth has host to them, then, shew

May a name be borne;

Has for countless years roll'd on:

Back from the tomb

No step has come;

There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound

Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,

That lov'st to greet the early morn,

Again thou usher'st in the day

My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallowed grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transport past;

Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr girgling kissed his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twine'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

But o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miserie;

Time but the impression stronger takes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

Christian Philanthropist.

RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

embrace, with avidity, the present opportunity to speak of the gentlemen who have occasionally written for our paper.

The head of this list we place the writer of *Dialogues between Cohele and Philalethes*.

We believe we may say, without presumption, that although Divinity is not his profession, few

of the present age, think more profoundly on religious subjects, than he does. His style is

forceful without decoration, and what it wants in ornament, is supplied by strength. His pieces must

be read to be understood, but when understood, they will not fail to produce conviction.

The writer whose signature is "X. Z." has long been an unshaken pillar of christian orthodoxy.

His mind is vigorous, and penetration, which has attempted to provoke it, having failed of its object, has left it triumphant in its own energies.

The writer of the *"Correspondent,"* to the purity of a Blair unites the native of his own genius,

and the independence of spirit inspired by the principles which he advocates.

The writer of *"Common Sense Bible Christian"* deserves especial notice. His language and manner of reasoning are certainly borrowed from the bar, and as you read, you think you are listening

to an advocate pleading some important cause. We confess, for ourselves, that had we not been

seriously convinced of the truth of the principles which we advocate, the perspicuity, force and dignity of this writer's argumentation would have

produced conviction of it in our minds.

"A Layman" writes with spirit and independence. Our columns will be open to him. His

ideas, however, sometimes, need concentration.

"Observer" is, unquestionably, a man of talents. Some of his pieces have arisen from a state

of local excitement, fanatical in its nature, and in his second communication on the subject of *reforms*,

there was, perhaps, too much asperity of censure. To be sure, enthusiasm is calculated to

excite ridicule rather than to inspire respect, but there are cases in which even enthusiasm becomes

so extravagant as to excite pity. Nature seems to have constituted us with a desire to pity mad-

men.

"An Unitarian Farmer" has made his appearance. We wish to see him again. The writer of

"Inconsistency in Religion" cannot write too often. The writer of the pieces *"on Moore,"* &c. stands

above praise, though meriting a myrtle wreath entwined with leaves of olive.

We perceive in the author of *"Poor John, the*

revolutionary soldier," a second *Washington Irving*

in embryo. We beseech him to write more,

unless the size of our paper and the humility of our pretensions induce him to present his literature to some more splendid journalist.

"Fugacity" did not last long enough to acquire a character. It however, promised well.

The *"Ladies Friend"* consisted, in a great measure, of extracts.

We believe we are through. Our columns will ever be open to those writers who can do credit to the paper.

A WHISPER OF THE PAST.

PEOPLE who differ from us in religious belief, say that we have been too severe in the expression of our sentiments. But we have been as mild

as we intended to be, and as mild, we believe, as the Gospel requires us to be, and, if so, as mild as

was necessary. Surely, no decision is too great which the circumstances of the case render necessary. Some of our subjects have been local,

and not over grateful in their nature; but had we neglected to consider them on that account, we

should have been criminal in our own view, and as justly deserving the indignation of the public,

as the surgeon would be, who neglects to amputate, when he might save life by a single stroke.

Every man ought to discharge his duty, faithfully, to God and to his own conscience; and this, abating

human imperfections, we believe that we have done. But ought we, in any case, to have been

personal in our remarks? Turn your thoughts inward. Nothing can excite in the mind higher

ideas of the liberty of the Press than the opportunity it affords of stopping and of humbling proud

men who attempt daringly to invade or violate the rights of men of any order whatever. If the

liberty of the Press secured to us no other advantage than this, we might justly call it, in the present state of society, the greatest of blessings.

We are strictly unitarian in our principles. What these principles are, is pretty generally known. We shall take another opportunity more

fully to explain them.

Public journals should seize hold of subjects of public interest; and there are no subjects of greater

interest, public or private, than those which involve the greatest enjoyments of man, and the

highest dignity of his rational existence. Such is religion; and in the quiet enjoyment of liberty

and peace, we should be solicitous to cultivate and perfect this choice element of our happiness. Religion, in short, is the surrender of the whole soul

to the service of the Deity—a service which commences with a triumph over ourselves. Selfishness alone eats up the success of this fair offspring

of heaven. Men will not give their minds to that sober reflection which fits them for virtue, and

prepares them for death, while their bosoms are beating high for wreaths of honor, and coffers of money. Let them purify their hearts, and they

will then be independent in their opinions. They must fight with themselves in order to be free,

and when they have obtained the victory, they may forever celebrate the era, in honor of God.

The passions can only be subdued by energy and length of time; but when they are subdued, felicity enters the soul.

Religion presents to the mind an extended universe, full of beauty and magnificence. It leads

us from the dust of the balance up to the eternal

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Creator, who has given "existence to every thing that lives, and stability to every thing that endures." Every thing in nature tends to utility, from the corn that nourishes, to the arsenic that poisons. Man, under the dominion of his violated passions, tends to destruction. Religion stops him forcibly, and turns him back into the path of utility. Utility conduces to happiness. Religion is, therefore, necessary to man for the subjection of his passions, and for his own happiness. A religion that springs merely from the passions, is not fit for man. It intoxicates, instead of animating the faculties, and staggers, like a drunkard, at every pebble in its passage.

Religion tends to true greatness, both in society and in individuals. God is considered the giver of every gift that is valuable, and this sentiment produces gratitude to man; for the emotions burst into thankfulness for trifles, when greater advantages subdue the soul into the adoration of God; and true greatness, let it be understood, whether in men or societies, consists, chiefly, in mutual courtesy, benevolence in intercourse, and generosity in the actions of life. Religion, in fine, is alone worthy of pursuit, and every thing else ought to be subservient to its cultivation.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

THE CORRESPONDENT. No. 11.

In my last number, I commenced a statement of my religious opinions with remarking briefly on the existence, character, and worship of the one God, on the writings of the Old and New Testament, as a revelation of the divine will to mankind, on the qualifications of their writers, and on the sufficiency of the Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice to form and perfect the christian character; I shall now continue this statement.

The Scriptures inform us, that "God made man upright." We are all naturally free from moral pollution. The moral defects of our character are attributable to ourselves. We have sought out evil inventions. Formed originally without virtue or vice, we are yet capable of becoming in a high degree virtuous or vicious. That we have passions and propensities which are liable to lead us into vicious practices, is no proof of original depravity; for our original passions and propensities are as much the gift of God, as reason and conscience. They are alike constituent parts of man, and necessary to render us what God intended we should be. Every original passion was designed for some valuable purpose. It is only in the abuse of the passions and propensities, that they become the ministers of sin. If "there is a law in the members warring against the law of the mind;" if the passions and propensities are sometimes at hostility with reason and conscience, this fact is not proof of moral depravity. The moral and religious character may be, and often is, strengthened and improved by such conflict. Virtue is ennobled, not debased, by effectually resisting the allurements of vice. Trial is necessary to prove its genuineness and permanence. When the passions and propensities are properly checked and balanced by reason and conscience and scripture, they are then auxiliaries to virtue, and perfectly free from criminality.

Under the ancient dispensation, comparatively few were influenced in their conduct and character by the doctrine of a "future recompense and reward." The consideration of temporal good and evil, as the result of their conduct, was the growing motive with the mass of the community. But the Christian Dispensation explicitly reveals a future state of reward and punishment, adapted to

the character and condition of mankind individually, the natural result of a virtuous and vicious life, as well as the equitable appointment of God. Future punishment and reward will be distributed, not on the ground of speculative opinions, but of practical virtue. A sacred regard to the divine authority and a temper and life governed by the precepts of Jesus, will afford us far better grounds of security in relation to future happiness, than all the variety in the forms and features of the orthodox faith can furnish.

Christianity is designed to make men good in every office and condition of life. It contemplates man as capable of action and volition; it addresses the understanding and heart; and all its requisitions are practicable and reasonable. Our ability and condition are the measure of its demands. It does not require the use of ten talents, where five only have been given. To whom much has been given, of them will much be required; and they are to account for but little, on whom little has been bestowed. Christianity inculcates supreme love to God, undeviating regard to his authority, and resignation to the disposals of his providence; faith in Jesus Christ, conformity to his temper, and imitation of his example; undissembled love and good will to mankind; operative benevolence; repentance of sin; every virtuous and amiable affection and quality; and it forbids selfishness, hypocrisy, pride, malice, revenge, evil speaking, inordinate affections, with all uncharitableness. It prefers mercy to sacrifice. It gives assurance of pardon to the penitent and reformed; the felicities of heaven to those who faithfully perform the will of God. At the same time, we claim not future happiness as the reward of our virtues. Salvation is of God. "By grace we are saved." Every good gift is from above. Our life, preservation, and all that we enjoy, are the gift of the Almighty. That the conditions of salvation have been offered for our acceptance, and that we have the power to comply with them, is owing to his unmerited favour. As in nature, so in virtue and happiness, all is of God. And to those who strenuously endeavour to do his will, to work out their own salvation, in the use of the means which he has appointed, he will grant all needed assistance.

Those only who are favoured with Christianity, will be judged by its laws. They who have not received this rule of life, "are a law unto themselves." If they follow the best light which is afforded them, the light of reason and conscience, they will not fail of a glorious reward. "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness" shall be accepted. The pious and virtuous heathen are not the objects of the divine displeasure, and their hopes of future happiness may be as bright, and glorious, and secure, as that of the intelligent christian. The Persian, who pays his ardent devotions to the Sun, which, in his view, is the great first cause of light, and heat, and vegetation, and felicity, may render as acceptable a religious service, as the christian who devoutly worships and obeys the Creator of the Sun and of the universe. And with such impressions of the heathen state, we are not so anxious as some may suppose we ought to be, to draw from all classes of the community, even from the very laborious and indigent, the means of sending into foreign heathen countries, the heralds of technical theology, and zealots for orthodox creeds and usages. K.

☞ We beg our readers to read the following again and again, until it produces conviction.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. WHITAKER—Having duly considered the doctrine of the Trinity, and of its unscriptural grounds, I am led to make the following remarks,

which I think are agreeable to truth: In the first place, I inquire, what do the scriptures teach respecting God and Christ? Do they teach us that there are three persons in the Godhead, equal in power and glory, and that these three are one God? I answer, no. Do they teach us that there are more Gods than one? Do they teach us that the supreme, self-existent God ever was born of a woman and died on the cross? I answer, no. Do they teach us that God ever became a man, part human and part divine; that it was necessary for God to suffer, that he might be better acquainted with the feelings and infirmities of his creatures? Answer, no; for He is possessed of infinite knowledge, and was as well acquainted with the sufferings of men before He made them, as ever he will or can be since. Do the scriptures teach us that Christ was the self-existent God, and possessed infinite and underived power? Answer, no. Do they teach us that Christ was possessed of two distinct natures, both human and divine; that two whole and perfect natures, the godhead and manhood, were joined in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God, and very man, and that this was the Christ that was crucified for us? Answer, no. Did Christ ever say, "this I speak as man in my human nature, and this as God in the divine nature"? Answer, no. Do the scriptures any where teach us that Christ must be really and truly God, a being of divine and infinite attributes, in order to make an atonement for the sins of the world? I answer, no; they teach us no such things. Well, what do the scriptures teach respecting God and Christ? I reply, the scriptures teach us that there is one God, and not but one. Mark xii. 27. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; there is but one God, there is none other but He. Isaiah xli. 8. Is there any God besides me? Yea, there is no God: I know not any. Cor. viii. 6. Unto us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things—And one Lord, Jesus Christ, by whom are all things. Eph. iv. 6. One God and Father of all. James ii. 19. Thou believest there is one God, thou doest well. John xvii. 3. That they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou sent. 1 Tim. ii. 5. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and man. The scripture here quoted clearly and fully prove that there is but one God. And the scriptures plainly teach us, that Christ is not the self-existent God; that he only is the Son of God; that he derives his power from the Father, and is inferior to him, and dependant on him. See John v. 30. I can of mine own self do nothing. John xii. 47. The Father which sent me gave me a commandment what I should do, and what I should speak. John vi. 33. I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. John xiv. 10. The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Acts ii. 36. God hath made him both Lord and Christ. Acts v. 31. He (God) hath exalted him to be a Prince and a Saviour. Heb. i. 9. God hath anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows. John i. 14. The only begotten of the Father; I lay down my life and take it again; but this command I have received from my father. 1 Cor. xv. 23, 28. Then cometh the end, when he (Christ) shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father. Then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all and in all. Do not these passages of scripture prove beyond a doubt, that Christ is not the supreme, self-existent God, but is dependant on, and subordinate to him. Does not the giving up of his kingdom to the Father, and praying to the Father, being subject to the Father, anointed of God, ordained of God, ap-

pointed heir of all things by God, and being sent of God, imply inferiority and derived power? Do not the scriptures teach us that he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief? That he was tempted in all things like as we are? Yet it says God cannot be tempted. Again, no man hath seen God at any time; yet it is true, that Christ, the Son of the living God, was seen by men. Christ says himself, my Father is greater than I, is greater than all. Are his words true? Where then, is the supposed equality? Can we admit that the Father was greater than the Son, and still admit the Son is as great as his Father? Would not this betray common sense? Certainly it would. But, says the objector, does not Christ say, 'I and my Father are one'? And the apostle says, 'there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and these three are one. True; but if Christ possesses all divine attributes, and is, therefore, God; and the Father possesses all divine attributes, and is, therefore, God, does it not make two Gods? And can God the Father, and God the Son be added together so as to make only one God? (This is, indeed, a new way of cyphering.) And if we admit that the Father and the Son make one complete God, how can a third person (the Holy Spirit) be admitted, who is equal to both Father and Son, and yet make only one Being or God? And Christ prays that the saints may be one, as he and the Father are one. See John xvii. 21. 'That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us.' Must we not admit that the saints are included in the Godhead? Yes, with as much propriety as to say, that the Father and Son are one God, and then admit of a third person (the Holy Spirit) to compose one of the Godhead! For my own part, I am unable to reconcile these difficulties with scripture or reason: therefore, I conclude that the Father alone is the Supreme God, and that his Son, Jesus Christ, is not that Being, but is united to him as all christians are united to the Father and Son. Hence saith Christ, 'I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God.'

The scriptures make so plain a distinction between the Father and Son, that I should think a person of the smallest capacity could see it without being involved in mysteries.

The scriptures represent God as one being, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and thro' all, and in you all, one God and one Mediator between God and man. The Apostle says, the head of every man is Christ, and the head of Christ is God.

Christ is represented as the Son of God, begotten of God, sent of God, anointed and ordained of God, come from God, went to God—all which terms denote inferiority and derived power.

If, then, the scriptures teach clearly and fully, that there is one God, and only one God, and that there is one Lord, Jesus Christ, who is the only begotten Son of the living God, then no detached passages, however difficult or mysterious, can teach an opposite doctrine. J. M****

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

Common Ground of Christians.

WHAT is the design of Christianity? What purpose do we suppose that Jesus Christ, who came "in the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person," was sent to accomplish? Was it to make known the great truths of the existence, unity, and supremacy of that Being, who made and governs the universe? This Being and these attributes were already known. It was the distinguishing feature of the Jewish religion, the truth most constantly and powerfully enforced,

ed, that there was One "who filled heaven and earth"—the all wise, all powerful Jehovah, existing in his own undivided and unrivalled supremacy. Was it then the design of this messenger from on high, to teach that the Being thus independent and supreme was alone to be worshipped? This truth too, had been already taught, and impressed by awful judgments upon those who dared to loose sight of it, and turn to the idols of their own hands. The question then returns upon us, what is the design of Christianity? And let it not be thought an improper question. Let us not be charged with daring presumption, because we think it our duty, and would make it our delight, to examine, with becoming reverence and humility, the gracious purposes of our heavenly Father. We believe then, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners:" to dispel the mists of ignorance and prejudice which clouded the minds of men, and lead them to virtue and happiness. And we believe moreover, that he was to accomplish this gracious design, in various ways, miraculous and natural: by revealing more distinctly the character and will of God; by presenting as incitements to duty, invitations the most urgent, threatenings the most awful; by establishing, beyond a doubt, the certainty of another and an endless life; and above all, by teaching that our eternal condition will depend upon the characters we form here. These, we humbly believe, were the leading features of that gracious scheme of mercy and salvation, "which the angels desired to look into." And are not these things worthy to be proclaimed and accomplished by the Son of God? Will any one venture to assert, that the Father of mercies would not send his only-begotten to a perishing world, to make known the glorious truth, that man is to live forever, and that it is in his power to make this eternity of being a state of indescribable happiness on the one hand, or, on the other, of unutterable woe?

It cannot fail to be a source of constant and pious gratitude to every sincere christian, to reflect that God, in his goodness, has opened some common fountains of consolation and hope, from which all of every denomination may freely draw. Amidst the war of opinions to which the human mind is necessarily exposed, we should ever rejoice, that there are some firm principles of duty, some strong convictions of right and wrong, fixed within us by the Author of our existence, and fixed so deep that they can be moved neither by passions within, nor conflicts without. The Christian world is divided by sects, almost without number or name, yet all claiming for themselves the clearest right to bear the name of their common Master. The timid are often disheartened, and the humble perplexed, by the conflicting systems which are made to pass before them, challenging successively the assent of their understandings and the allegiance of their hearts. The scale which now descends, is the next moment more than balanced by the superior weight which further discovery has thrown into the opposite side. The mind which education has rendered vigorous, and raised above the arts of sophistry and the seductions of heated passion, may be able to keep on in its straight and narrow path, unchecked by the obstacles, and unappalled by the difficulties which it encounters. But not so with him, upon whose mind the light of knowledge has never shone; not so is it with by far the most respectable portion of every community—the industrious and honest poor. They have never crossed even the threshold of that temple, which the world calls wisdom's temple; they have never felt the elevating and commanding influence of those principles which philosophy has discovered; and if opinions are the all-important objects of life; if they are to be compelled to

compare and weigh, and choose for themselves, which of the countless systems they will support, what is to be the result? They will become the helpless victims of ignorance, fanaticism, or despair. But "we have not so learned Christ." The arrogant and the narrow of mind and heart may assume to themselves the power of understanding and the right of explaining the word of God, and the unbeliever may triumph over the divisions which he mis-names Christianity. We believe, and we humbly rejoice in the belief, that religion consists in something, which he who has never heard of Luther, or Calvin, or Penn, or Wesley, may possess as well and as purely as the most ardent follower of either of these distinguished individuals. Surely there is a ground on which all may stand together, and it is the ground of sincerity and obedience. No matter what are the advantages or capacity; no matter how many or how few talents are committed to us. If these advantages and these talents are but improved to the best of our power, if sincerity mark the purposes of our heart and the actions of our lives; if the desire to know and do the will of God be our ruling motive, we are safe; safe, not perhaps in the hands of men who have no standard of truth and duty but their own fancied infallibility—but safe, forever safe in the care of One who, in deed and in truth, cannot be deceived. We all believe that our entire dependence is upon the mercy, the unmerited mercy of God, revealed in Jesus Christ. We all know that a way has been opened; pardon is offered; eternal life is made sure, and it is for us to choose or refuse. It is an unmerited reproach cast upon religion, to say that to represent it as any thing we can effect by our own exertions, is to make it easy. Is it easy then to lead a life of continual conflict with enemies within and without? Is it easy to strive and wrestle with the allurements of the world—to deny ourselves an innocent indulgence, lest it lead to one that is sinful—to regulate the temper and will—to keep the heart free from the intrusion of every improper care, inordinate desire, or forbidden propensity? Is it easy to submit, without a murmur, to the afflictive hand of Providence, and be alike grateful, patient, and humble, whether our condition be prosperous or adverse? Is all this easier, than to believe unintelligible doctrines, or bow before the authority of human councils? Let those who think so, make the attempt; let them perform conscientiously and faithfully all the duties now enumerated, for they are duties which our religion strictly enjoins, and we will consent to be guided by the result. Until this, until it shall be proved, that the assent of the understanding is more difficult and more pleasing to God than the obedience of the life, we shall continue to believe that good conduct is a higher test of holiness than good opinions; and that the declaration of our Saviour, though it brings with it an awful responsibility, is one which we are safe in believing; "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD. MARCH 11. 1823.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The "Christian Philanthropist" is to be continued for the present, in the same form in which it has hitherto appeared.—Arrangements had been made with Mr. Joseph C. Melcher, a printer, to print my paper in a neat and enlarged form, but as he has wholly disappointed me, those arrange-

ments which had been made towards the improvement of my Paper, have only involved me, for a considerable length of time, in much labour, care and anxiety, without terminating in ultimate success. I therefore, with deep regret for these circumstances, have to inform my Patrons, that my hopes are, for the present, frustrated, and that I feel myself in the situation of a person who has disappointed where he intended to please; and to assure them that I shall endeavor to relieve myself from the mortification which I now feel, and my patrons from the disappointment which I have occasioned them, as far as lies in my power. The public will allow me here to express my grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal encouragement which they have extended to me, and the assurance that my Paper, although in the infancy of its existence, has met with real success and with such patronage as convinces me, not only of their generosity, but of their firmness.

The respectful servant of the Public,
DANIEL KIMBALL WHITAKER.

Two weeks have elapsed since our paper was last published. The current year, however, will be overrun, and a complete set of numbers be furnished.

OF FLORIO.*

FLORIO has given back his lyre to Apollo, and has consecrated his life to the service of Justice. The Muses had plumed themselves upon the successes of their favourite, and they deeply regretted his determination when he declared that he would no longer pay court to them. The incense which he had burnt upon their altar was grateful, and as it ascended in sonnets to the heavens, it had drawn down upon him their blessing. They had showered upon his head glory and satisfaction, and his name had been reiterated with eclat by the critics. When the Muses heard that FLORIO was about to depart from the number of their votaries, they folded their wings, and their glowing cheeks were besprinkled with tears. It was with real pain that they heard FLORIO bid them adieu; and it was after an interval of time, and after having experienced a conflict of mingled emotions, beating in their bosoms, that they summoned up fortitude to say to FLORIO, in return, "Adieu, FLORIO! Adieu! Adieu!" The nine Muses sat upon their thrones, and as soon as FLORIO had departed, they took their brilliant crowns off, and cast their eyes down. They evidently were afflicted. Neither the rose nor the myrtle, nor the amaranth, nor any other of the verdant shooting glories of Parnassus attracted their attention. Deep stillness rested upon the mount. Silence pervaded the haunts of the celestial Muses, and Apollo, the presiding deity, was seen to throw down his lyre. *Clio*, full of youth, her bosom graced with a hyacinth, recently plucked, was first heard to murmur out these sad words, "He is gone!" She then touched her lute, breathed upon her trumpet, and remained silent. *Euterpe*, crowned with flowers before, but now without her crown, played three plaintive notes upon her sweet-sounding flute, answering to the words of *Clio*, "He is gone!" She then concealed her pouting lips from the view, and allowed her beautiful head to droop for sorrow. *Thalia* cast away her shepherd's crook,

*In a late number of our paper we copied an article from the SALEM GAZETTE, which announced the determination of FLORIO, an American poet, of high promise, to devote his life to the study of his profession, the Law, and to write poetry no more. This singular intention of FLORIO, which speaks well of his disinterestedness, induces us to notice him with respect. Few men, in this age of selfishness, are disposed to sacrifice fame to duty, like him. Still we are not satisfied with the manner of his benevolence. Law may be the business of life, but Poetry might be the sport of its leisure hours.

and cried out, "The fields are not so beautiful as they were." *Melpomene* said, "Do my splendid robes set off my beauty with new graces, and have I any use for my dagger, my crowns, or my sceptre, now that FLORIO has deserted us!" *Terpsichore* ceased to dance, and tore the laurel which she had taken from her head. *Erato* exclaimed, "What have I to do with the rose or the myrtle, and why should lovers pay vows to me in April? I smiled upon FLORIO, and FLORIO has fled. *Polyhymnia*, the genius of rhetoric, clasped her hands, gave her dishevelled hair to the wind, and ran away from her throne, saying "I do not want my jewels again!" *Calliope* shut up her books, with this singular request, "Milton, Virgil and Homer, rest now upon your shelves; I expected that FLORIO would have offered me an epic, and I am disappointed!" *Urania* dropped her compass—neglected her globes—threw aside her diagrams, and with matchless dignity announced her regret thus, "I had prepared a crown of stars for FLORIO, which equalled my own in splendour; *Erato* had interlaced it with garlands of roses, and *Polyhymnia* had decked it with crescents of diamond. It was a glorious crown, but FLORIO would not come to get it. I shall lay aside azure now, and dress myself in green, that my votaries may perceive how much I am forsaken!" Here ended, for a moment, the lamentation of the Muses. They sat upon their thrones, so many virgins, beautiful, but in tears! They waved their hands, as a signal for the return of their instruments, and their instruments, with wings on, flew back at their bidding. They all then chaunted, in chorus, a plaintive elegy, in honour of FLORIO. Apollo seized his lyre, and sang a brief adieu. But where was the illustrious *Minerva*, goddess of blue eyes? She descended from Olympus to the mount of the Muses! Roses sprang up beneath her feet! Her head was crested with a golden helmet, and nodded with plumes which were snatched from a rainbow. Her beautiful face was shaded by a veil, wrought in the loom of *Thalia*. Her breast was protected by a polished shield, made of brass, rotund, impenetrable, studded with bosses, and engraved with the histories of nations. In her right hand she held a spear, and in her left hand, a branch of olive. The Muses rose and clapped their wings out of respect. Apollo called for a throne, which he placed at his right hand, and saluting *Minerva* with respectful gallantry, invited her to rest. *Minerva* sat, blushing. But she soon arose, and broke a sprig gracefully from the olive which she held, saying, "This is for FLORIO! He has hung his harp upon the willows. He has returned his lyre to Apollo. He has not come to get the crown of stars presented by *Urania*, nor the chaplet of roses, woven by *Erato*. But I have reserved for FLORIO a shield, wrought by the skill of *Vulcan*, upon a model of my own, engraved with the histories of nations; he shall not have a spear; but I declare that he shall surpass Cicero in the forum, and with a beautiful girl, shall cultivate letters under the shade of liberty and quiet—Apollo sang. The Muses shouted, but they soon burst into tears when they remembered that FLORIO had fled. They all descended slowly from Parnassus, dispersing in groups, some to the rills at its foot—others to the fountain of *Helicon*, and the rest to the river that gushed from *Pindus*, and after they had slaked their thirst by drinking ether, they met again, revived by their draught, singing in chorus, "We'll inspire a new FLORIO now—a new FLORIO!" Ah! Where—where is he? Who—who is he? Ye Muses! let him drop from your mountain and shew himself!

The birth day of WASHINGTON was celebrated on the 22d ult. at Attleborough, by the "So-

ciety for promoting Agriculture, Arts, and Social Intercourse," and by the Citizens. An Oration was pronounced on the occasion by EZRA BASSETT, Esq. in the first Congregational Meeting-House, before a crowded auditory.

From Miss Edgeworth, to a Friend.

Bracebridge Hall has not been, I believe, as popular as the first work of Mr. Irving; but that is because it is not his first work, and because it tells of England, with which we are better acquainted than with America—probably Bracebridge Hall will be liked better with you than even the Sketch Book. It is beautifully written—obviously he has taken the Spectator for his model, and his old knight is a modern Sir Roger de Coverly—with variations.—Lady Lillicraft is good, and her dog admirable—the Stout Gentleman—the Inn Yard—the Rookery—are all exquisite paintings, in the high finish of the Flemish school—and the Mad Girl, and the chapter on Country Gentlemen, have excellencies of another and a higher order.

The fault of the book (Bracebridge Hall) is that the workmanship surpasses the work.—There is too much care and cost bestowed on petty objects. This is the fault of the Flemish school. It is natural—but all nature does not deserve to be painted by a master's hand. The herring on a board, and the dropsical woman and the beggar boy, are fine Flemish pictures, but we regret that such talents were bestowed on such subjects. I have seen a celebrated old woman's head, by a Flemish painter, Denner, which actually made me shudder, and disgusted me, from being too accurately taken off from reality—like a mask taken from a dead face—*fac simile* without life.

Thank you for the Spy. I cannot agree with you in thinking it a flashy performance. We read it aloud in our family, and notwithstanding many peculiar faults of style and composition, and the wearisome trick of describing every creature's looks and emphasis every time they speak or move, we found it highly interesting, from describing manners and a state of society that are new to us—and independently of this American value, we think it a work of great genius. In the Flemish style, nothing in Washington Irving, or even in Walter Scott, is more perfect nature than the Irish follower of the camp, *Betty*. I single her out as an instance; because of her we can best judge. She is one of the most faithful and exquisite Irish characters I ever saw drawn; with individual characteristic touches, and yet representing a whole class. The humour, and wit, and blunder, and sagacity, and good nature, and want of moral principle, and abundance of moral feeling, most happily blended together, so as to make it genuine Irish. It has the rare merit of not being the least exaggerated in humour—and the dialect is such as could not have been hit, except by one well acquainted with Irish characters.

But, independently of *Betty*, there is very strong drawing of character, and of human nature in general, as well as of national character in this work. The story, I grant you, is confused, and the main interest turning upon the pedlar *Spy* injudicious. No sympathy can be excited with meanness, and there must be a degree of meanness ever associated with the idea of a Spy. Neither poetry nor prose can ever make a spy an heroic character.—From Dolon in the Iliad, to Major Andre, and from Major Andre to this instrument of Washington, it has been found impracticable to raise a spy into a hero. Even the punishment of hanging goes against all heroic stomachs—the scaffold is a glorious thing, and may be brought on the stage with safety—but would even Shakespeare venture the gibbet?—*Nat. Gaz.*